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SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

JULIA GRAY HAMLIN, '04.

The practice of observing Christmas originated among the early Christians at Rome. The first ceremonies seem to have partaken, to some extent, of the nature of those incident to the Saturnalia, a Roman festival, devoted to feasting and games. The church, in order to conciliate the people, accepted some of these ceremonies so that the Christmas customs now existing in all civilized countries, are survivals of pagan Rome, combined with the religious rites of each individual nation. So great was the influence exerted by the Saturnalia that to this day, Christmas, unlike other religious festivals, which were designed for fasting and penance, still abounds in entertainment and merry-making.

One of the most popular observances of feudal times and one which still exists in parts of England, is that of burning the Yule-log. It was by no means an unpleasant task on Christmas eve to

bring the huge log from the forest and to place it in the cavernous fireplace. As he passed it on the way, the traveller raised his hat, for he knew that it was full of good promises and that it was to give a bright, cordial welcome to many comers. In the annual gatherings around the Yule-log, social distinctions were forgotten. The master and servant met on common ground and entered into the simple sports with the same zeal and pleasure.

While the burning of the Yule-log is essentially an English custom, it is not entirely unknown in America. In "antè-bellum" days it was a common thing for the Southern slaves to search out the largest possible "back-log," by which their Christmas vacation was to be measured.

One of the oldest customs and the one which is possibly most generally practised is that of the Christmas tree. It originated in Germany and, being so beautiful and so eminently appropriate to the occasion, has been adopted by other nations.

Both of these customs, are to some extent, relics of heathenism. The burning of the Yule-log was derived from the early Scandinavians, who made huge bon-fires in honor of their god, Thor; and there is undoubtedly some relation existing between the Christmas tree and the symbols used by the ancients to signify their faith in the power of the returning sun to clothe the earth in green and to hang new fruit on the trees.

The inevitable mistletoe dates from the days of the Druids, who regarded this plant with great veneration. In England as in America the custom has long existed of using mistletoe in connection with other evergreens for decorative purposes. It is not necessary to mention the manner of decorating, for who is ignorant of the penalty incurred by the maiden who thoughtlessly or (as some may insinuate) intentionally passes underneath the sacred spray?

With what pleasant memories the very name of Santa Claus fills us! And how our childish hearts were grieved when we found that he was not a reality! Who can estimate the joy brought to childhood by the yearly visit of Santa? If St. Nicholas could

come back to earth, he would scarcely recognize himself in the role of this benevolent but rather partial personage.

The origin of the superstitions which have arisen in connection with Christmas is not so easily accounted for as that of the various customs which are commonly practised at this season of the year. For instance it is by no means understood why the ancients thought it a sign of bad luck for a squinting person to enter the room while the Yule-log was burning, but we know that this was universally believed. It is equally hard to tell why it was considered an evil omen for a bare-footed person or for a flat-footed woman to enter at that time. We do not care to investigate the authenticity of the belief that at the Christmas tide, the powers of darkness have no dominion over the powers of light. We do not see that such confidence could do any harm and it might increase the usual Christmas mirth.

The common idea of the cock's crowing all night long at this time of year has been beautifully expressed by Shakespeare in Hamlet.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

A belief was formerly current in England that the cattle in their stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour. It was also thought that bread baked on Christmas eve would never become mouldy, that the bees sung in their hive and that all nature combined to offer praises to the Redeemer.

Such are some of the innumerable customs and superstitions connected with the anniversary of Christ's birth. They all unite in making it a joyful time for young and old, rich and poor, a celebration which will never grow stale and antiquated.

THE PASSING OF SANTA CLAUS.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '04.

Little Betty sat on the floor in front of a blazing fire of pine logs. It was a bare, wooden floor, but little Betty was very comfortable, for the fire had been burning since early dawn, when little Betty's father had gone away to town, and now the planks were so warm that Betty did not like to rest her hands upon them, but sat hugging her knees looking into the fire. She was painfully small for her age, this child of the pines, but the serious light in her blue eyes, and the stoop in her shoulders made her look as if she had lived more than the eight years which had passed since she had come into that humble home.

Little Betty was thinking. It was Christmas Eve. Her father had told her that perhaps he might see Santa Claus in the big town and that if he did he would tell him that Betty was going to hang up her stocking that night. Betty wondered if Father were not very cold, riding home in the big lumber wagon. She wondered if he had told Santa Claus, and if Santa Claus would come and would bring his pack down that very chimney. He had come last Christmas and had left his big track in the ashes and on the thick black soot in the chimney. She had found a doll in her stocking that time, and Betty's eyes wandered to a cradle made of a shoe-box which sat under the old-fashioned bed in the corner. He brought some candy, and some apples too, and some raisins. What would he bring this time? Betty hoped it would be a tea-set, but that was too much to hope for; she would be very glad if he brought even candy, for she had not had any in a long, long time. If he brought candy she would give Deb a piece the next morning when she come with her tin bucket and the usual request: "Mammy say lon' 'er er little meal, plea', ma'am." She was glad that her face was not black like Deb's and that she had stockings without holes in them. Did Deb hang up her stocking? and would Santa Claus—but she got no further, for the big wagon was coming into the

yard and mother had come in from the kitchen and was opening the door.

Betty ran to the door and looked out. There was the big wagon and Max, the old, gray horse, and father taking some bundles out of the sack that had held the corn for Max's dinner.

The wheel-tracks were black on the snow, as black as the shadow of the pines which fell against the very door-steps, and stretched away to the turn of the road. "Did you tell Santa Claus, Father?" Betty asked, dancing up and down in the doorway. "Yes, I told him," Father said as he handed the bundle to Mother and went to put old Max in the stable.

Soon Betty's father came in. He was a thin little man in an overcoat two sizes too small for him, and his head was wrapped about with an old woolen breakfast shawl which had belonged to Betty's mother in better days, and which hid all of his tired face, but two blue eyes, much like Betty's own, except that instead of the serious light, they held a look of constant repressed longing: the look that is in a man's eyes when he loves with all the fervor of a richer man, those who are his own, but who must of necessity deny them all of this world's goods that the richer man is able to give.

Betty did not know, when he drew her to his side after he had pulled off his hat and the old shawl and sat down by the fire that all the way home he had held in his mind a sort of picture of the town he was leaving behind: the noisy streets, the lighted houses, the stores filled with busy purchasers, the warmly clothed men and women who moved along with quick and steady step, the little girls in gay dresses, their curls beneath their bright caps half-hiding their fur collars—Betty's hair was straight—and their hands snug and warm in their cozy muffs. Betty did not know that he was thinking of these things when he patted her head, even before he had warmed his hands, or that there was a stout pain at his heart at the thought of the pitiful bundles he had brought away from the stores, those big stores, brilliant and beautiful with their

costly array of gifts for the Christmas-tide. No, Betty knew nothing of this. The greatest thing to her, in that town was Santa Claus, the strange old fellow whom she had never seen, whom Father had told to come to their house that night.

She climbed upon her father's lap and asked so many questions that he could not answer them all ; indeed, he remembered very soon that he had not had his supper, and as he went out to the kitchen he told Betty to hang up her stocking and go to bed, for Santa Claus would not come until she was sound asleep.

Out in the kitchen the kerosene lamp burned dimly. Betty's mother put some meat and bread and potatoes on the table, and poured out a cup of coffee from the pot that she had kept warm by the fire in the house. Then, while Father washed his hands, she untied the bundles she had brought with her to the kitchen, and looked at their contents with calm curiosity. She was very tired, for she had been hard at work all day. She sat down by the table, rested her elbows upon it, and looked across at the patient figure on the other side. Her hands were red and chapped, her face was plain and hard. "How much did you pay fer them things?" she asked, nodding toward the bundles on the end of the table. "Not much," he answered hesitatingly, "may be not too much, it want much ter git the little thing. She don't have nobody ter play with." "I reckon she's hung up her stockin' by this time," said her mother, "an she fully believes that Sandy Claus will come. I'm erfraid we've been er doin' wrong ter fool the child so. She's old enough now ter know the 'aint no Sandy Claus, an' I think you ought to tell 'er." "It won't do her no harm," her father pleaded, "and it cert'ny does give 'er some pleasure." "Well, you know how hard times always is with us, an' we can't keep on er makin' 'er believe that Sandy Claus can bring 'er anything she wants," was the reply, as Betty's mother shut her lips tight and drew down the corners of her mouth. Betty's father was silent for some time. Finally, pushing back his plate he said, "Tell 'er then, you tell 'er, but wait till after I'm gone out," and with that he

took up the lamp and held the door open for Betty's mother to go out with the bundles.

Soon all was still and quiet. The wind sighed through the pines and shook the snow down softly from the lightly-covered boughs. The stars in the clear sky shone down upon a sleeping world.

When little Betty awoke next morning, the fire was burning so brightly that she hardly knew whether it was day or not yet Father's bed-time, for he was sitting by the fire with his hat on, holding his hands out to the blaze. But just then she caught sight of her stocking and remembering that it was Christmas morning, with one cry—"Sandy Claus!" she bounded out of bed and seized the precious stocking, only to let it fall to the floor as she caught sight of a box tied to a nail close by. With trembling hands she untied the string and lifted the top. A tea-set! Real cups and saucers, white with red flowers, a sugar-bowl and a cream pitcher! More than that, six tiny teaspoons! "Oh, Father," she said, "how did Sandy Claus know what I wanted?" Then, picking up her stocking she eagerly pulled out the packages, filling her mouth full of candy and spilling the raisins and nuts on the floor. But that was no matter, for there was the pleasure of picking them up again, with father to help her.

Suddenly she remembered mother, and hurriedly putting on her dress, with the tea-set in one hand and the stocking in the other, she ran out to the kitchen. "Look! Look at my tea-set!" she cried, jumping up and down, "and see what he put in my stocking!" But the look of eager joy on her face changed to one of perplexity which deepened into pain as these strange words fell from her mother's lips. "Yes, yes, they are purty enough, but the' aint no Sandy Claus. The aint no use er your believin' such trash any longer. Your Father bought 'em fer you."

At first little Betty would not believe it. No Santa Claus? Father had bought the things, and he and mother had put them in her stocking? That was why mother would not let her see what was in the bundles last night. No Santa Claus! Betty's eyes

filled with tears, and being no longer able to restrain her grief she fell upon the floor and sobbed aloud in her disappointment, resentment, and pain. Her mother left her alone. By and by her fit of passion subsided and she lay quiet, her face on her arm, a sob now and then catching her breath, and shaking her little body. She heard a step on the kitchen floor. She felt a hand on her shoulder, and Father gathered her in his arms and held her close. There was no Santa Claus but Father. Father had bought the candy and the tea-set. Father had bought them for her. After all was not Father better than Santa Claus?

REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTMAS.

SUSIE WHITAKER, '07.

It is Christmas Eve. The fire in the broad old fire-place glows and splutters and sizzles as the sap oozes from the end of one of its logs. Mother sits in her corner knitting and looking into the fire. Father comes in from town laden with bundles which he deposits on the foot of the bed, then draws a chair very near the fire and spreads out his hands before the blaze. Sister sits by the lamp and reads, and Kate and Elizabeth and I, the children, sit and glance at one another in a meaning fashion, and look at the clock and watch it as it ticks away the seconds. We are unusually quiet, we who are generally so noisy. When we speak, it is in a suppressed, expectant and excited tone. A feeling of mystery and awe mingled with that of expectancy and pent-up excitement seems to pervade the very air. Santa Claus comes tonight!

We children, looking every now and then at the clock are wishing and hoping that Santa Claus will get around to us before the clock strikes nine and we must be off to bed. We wonder what he will do if he does come and find us sitting there.

At length the clock strikes nine. We put on our little white

night-gowns, hang our stockings in a row from nails in the mantel-piece, say our prayers and with a "Good night all," take our way up stairs, each one trembling with excitement and eager for the morning to come.

We get into our little beds, but we cannot go to sleep. Visions of our stockings, as they will appear in the morning stuffed and bulging, come to our mind and drive the sleep from our eyes. I hear Kate and Elizabeth who are speaking in suppressed excited whispers. They are wondering if Santa Claus has come yet, or if he has forgotten us and will not come at all. Elizabeth the youngest is sure that he has not come yet, for she thinks he cannot have come from such a far-away place as the North Pole in so short a time.

After awhile Elizabeth and Kate stop talking, but I know by their bated breaths and their repeated turnings and fidgeting, that they are not asleep. At length the old domineer rooster in the hen-house sends forth a long, hoarse, guttural crow that makes us start. Elizabeth whispers to me and asks if I think Santa Claus has come by now. I am not certain. She says, "let's tip-toe down stairs and see." I agree, and leaving Kate in bed, hand in hand we stealthily tip-toe our way down stairs.

We reach the door to mother's room and gently lifting the latch and pushing the door open, we peep in. By the faint glow from the dying coals in the fire-place we can see our stockings hanging taut and tempting in their places. Santa Claus has been and gone. We hear a noise out-side and Carver, the dog, barks and we are sure Santa has just filled our stockings and is now taking his departure. We gaze eagerly a moment at our stockings hanging there, then gently latching the door again we go quietly back up stairs. We wish mother would allow us to have our stockings now, but we know she will not. We wonder what it is that makes the stockings bulge so, and we wonder what is in the big bundles hanging by the side of each stocking. We get back into our warm beds, our teeth chattering with the cold. Kate is already asleep

and when we get warm, Elizabeth and I soon follow her into dream-land.

The next morning Elizabeth awakes first, then she wakes Kate and me and in a moment we are all three scurrying down stairs as fast as we can go. We enter the room shouting as we come, "Christmas, gift Mother ! Christmas gift, Father !" in a triumphant chorus.

Jane the cook, has already built the fire and its glow lights up the room. We rush to the fire-place, seize our stockings, and in an instant the whole room is in an uproar. We thrust our hands into our stockings and with screams and squeals of delight draw out the wonderful toys and good things; sometimes dancing up and down in our ecstasy.

"O ! Just look ! Look !" squeals Elizabeth, "I have a Noah's Ark with all the animals in it."

"Look ! I have the dearest old Jack-in-the-box," I scream.

"Such a darling little baby doll," comes from Kate.

Such a hubbub and confusion as we create. Neither is listening to, or heeding what the other is saying. Each one is occupied in taking out and admiring and examining her own things. And each one is keeping so much fuss herself that she cannot even hear what the others are saying.

At length, however, the noise subsides a little. We each begin to regard more what the other is saying. Then all our things are brought together and compared. After that we turn our attention to the good things to eat and almost total quiet is restored.

Then mother gets up from her place in bed from which she has been watching the joyous scene and tells us it is time to dress, that breakfast will soon be ready, that even now she hears Jane setting the chairs to the table in the dining room; so we reluctantly put up our things and dress for breakfast.

ROMAN ROADS.

LETTIE GLASS, '04.

One of the most important questions that is being discussed today throughout our country is the condition of our public roads. The interest of the people in this question is manifested by the conventions held at various places, the numerous articles in print, the steps that have been and are being made toward the improvement of our roads. Every day the subject is brought before the public in some way. The press is constantly setting forth the condition of the roads and advocating a change.

This shows that the people have realized the necessity of better roads. Having realized this, the next step is action ; nor will it be long until we begin to act, for after a people have seen the need of their country it does not take long to supply that need. But in our attempt to better our roads there is great danger of our being in such a hurry that we will not build them as substantially as we should. As an example of what we wish our roads to be let us consider the famous Roman roads.

The Romans realized the necessity of having good roads and of all their architecture the roads were made the most stable. Even now after several hundred years of use they remain as a standard. The Colosseum, the great temples and arches, and all the famous buildings of Rome, of which we read with wonder and on which architects spent many years planning and working, have crumbled and are now in ruins. The roads, on the contrary remain almost in perfect condition and will serve their purpose for many centuries to come. Would it not be well for us to consider these roads and follow Rome's example?

When Rome was at the summit of her power the entire extent of the Empire was provided with a system of public highways which rendered communication between the different parts of Europe easy and comparatively rapid. Artistic road building commenced as soon as the Roman dominion began to extend beyond its original

limits. Conquered provinces had to be connected with the heart of the state, i. e., the city of Rome. The roads thus became a means of political, commercial, and intellectual interchange between Rome and the provinces. The chief and first purpose, however, was of a military kind : large masses of troops had to be conveyed with ease to distant provinces. In this way originated the first artistic road, the Via Appia. The Greeks built their roads according to the locality or even to old traditional routes of travel. The Romans, on the contrary, followed the one plan of building, as nearly as possible in a straight line. The nature of the ground was almost totally disregarded ; where mountains intervened they were cut through ; deep valleys or rapid streams were spanned by bridges. Other difficulties had to be overcome in marshy places. The soil here had to be made firm and its level raised by means of a dam. The roads were either strewn with sand and gravel or paved with solid stones. In the latter case polygonal blocks of some hard stone, generally basalt, a very heavy rock, were chosen for the roadway, the surface being made as smooth as possible. In case there were raised pavements for foot passengers, they were generally made of the tufa, soft porous stone. The middle of the road was generally raised a little, so as to make the rain flow off ; small outlets for the water occurred on the roads. The Via Appia, the most interesting thoroughfare in the world, was about eighteen feet wide. It was paved with blocks of foreign stone, so accurately fitted that no joining was visible and on each side of the road there was a massive balustrade. The streets of Pompeii were of similar construction, drains being frequently found below them. Posts, connected by curbstones, were placed at certain intervals to prevent the intrusion of horses or vehicles. At intervals of one thousand paces milestones were placed on the highways with the distances from the larger towns written on them. Frequently seats for exhausted travelers were placed near these milestones. What grand conceptions of their future greatness and the permanency of their city the old Romans had when they made roads.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS.

SADIE DAVIS, '05.

Two little figures, clad in white, were seated on a big fur rug in front of a warm fire. One, a lad of six or seven years, was dreamily watching the sparks go up the chimney. The other, a baby girl, sat blinking her big blue eyes in the firelight and was complacently patting her old rag doll. "Santa Taus ith coming tonight, bruver, wight down that big black chimbly," the little one lisped. The boy did not reply for a moment or two. Then jumping up and clapping his hands together he cried: "I tell you what let's do, Baby, lets stay wide awake all night and watch for him. Then when we see dear old Santa Claus put first one foot down on the hearth, and then the other, we'll jump out of bed and grab him." The little fellow was hopping around the room enjoying the idea of taking old St. Nicholas by surprise. "Of course he will bring his pack with him and we can make him let us choose anything we want," he added.

Just then Nurse Dora came hurrying into the room. "Get up, children," she said rather sharply, "it is way past your bed time." Taking the little girl and her doll in her arms, she put her in the snow white crib near the fire-place and tucked the blankets around her. "We are going to thee Thanta Taus tonight, dolly," the child said sleepily. But the blue eyes that had closed so tightly, would only see the jolly little man in a dream, that night.

"Dora," said the boy, who was sitting on the edge of his bed, lazily pulling off one stocking, "How does Santa Claus get down the chimney without being burned up?"

The nurse, although usually a good tempered woman, was tired and cross that Christmas Eve night.

"Humph," she replied, "Santa aint going to hurt hisself climbing down chimney's, Master Rob."

"It's time he was getting such foolish notions out of his head," she mumbled to herself.

"What did you say, Dora?" Rob asked. But the woman had already gone into the other room.

The boy still sat on the edge of the bed and thought. "She said it was time I was getting those foolish notions out of my head," he said half aloud. "She said Santa Claus wouldn't worry himself coming down the chimney," he added. "I wonder what Dora did mean, she was so cross anyway." With a jerk the lad pulled off his other stocking and climbed into the bed. However, he was wide awake, and lay there thinking of all that had happened during the day. First Aunt Katie had arrived and brought her neice and nephew some candy. Then all of them had gathered in mother's room to look at some pretty things Aunt Katie had made. "Does Rob know about Santa Claus?" suddenly flashed through his mind. It was what Aunt Katie had said to his mother, when they were in her room. He could see them now, standing by the table. His mother had suddenly put her finger on Aunt Katie's lips. They thought he was busy playing by the window, but he had heard. Then his Aunt had said something in an undertone. "I don't think it is a foolish notion," his mother had replied in her sweet voice. "I wonder what foolish notions are," the boy said to himself, "everybody is talking about foolish notions."

Something seemed to be hanging over him, a curious feeling had crept into his heart, a feeling that half frightened him. "Well, I know I have seen pictures of Santa Claus," he reassured himself. But still the curious feeling remained. "I am going to keep wide awake, all night, and watch for him myself, I don't care if Baby is sleep," he said emphatically. "Girls are so sleepy-headed anyway—"

Soon, however, it seemed that boys are not so very much unlike their little sisters, in that respect, for Rob's eyes had closed also. In his dreams, he saw a little man dressed in a suit of red, trimmed with white fur, standing before him. Then the apparition gave a mocking laugh and disappeared. Rob woke up with a start. The sounds of laughter had just died out in the hall. Some one opened

the door softly and entered the room. The boy held his breath and looked—now he would at last see Santa Claus. At first in the dim fire light, he could only see a dark figure. The figure softly moved to the fire place, where a long stocking hung on the mantle piece. Rob was now almost sitting up in bed, his breath was coming quickly. He looked again. The figure was stooping down in the fire light. Rob saw him turn his face toward the fire. The boy almost gave a gasp—it was his own father. The man rose and tiptoed quietly out of the room. He closed the door, shutting in the sound of a deep sob that came from the direction of his son's bed.

The peculiar feeling had seized Rob again, but this time it was a feeling of reality and not one of suspicion. The child understood. "Yes," he sobbed, "I am too old for such foolish notions." Santa Claus, with his jolly red face, his reindeers, his pack of toys had passed out of the little boy's life. Truly when the little man had disappeared in Rob's dream a few minutes before, he was gone forever.

A 'POSSUM HUNT.

IONE CATES, '05.

Many years ago there lived in a forest in the backwoods of North Carolina an old woman named Cely Britt. Cely Britt was generally believed to be a witch and so she was feared by all the negroes for miles around. After her death it was thought that her spirit still haunted her native forest, and for that reason this forest is known as the "Cely Britt Woods."

Near the Cely Britt woods there lives an old negro named Orange. Orange believes all the stories told about Cely Britt, and he never dares to go near the Cely Britt woods at night. He is a

great 'possum hunter, and as soon as the weather begins to get cool in the fall he begins his hunts.

In this same neighborhood there are two white boys who are always ready to have fun at Orange's expensè. One day they learned that Orange was preparing for a 'possum hunt on the following night. They decided to entice him into the Cely Britt woods by having his dog tree a 'possum there, and to drop chains upon him from the top of the tree as he was cutting it down to get the 'possum. A little while before Orange's time for starting, one of the boys took a 'possum which he had caught a few nights before, and dragged it first around Orange's cabin, then to a tree in the Cely Britt woods, where his brother met him with a number of chains. Both boys climbed the tree taking with them the 'possum and the chains.

When Orange started upon his hunt, his dog, King, sfruck the 'possum's trail and started towards the Cely Britt woods. Orange reluctantly followed at some distance. Finally the dog's barking told him that the possum was treed. Orange hesitated. To lose the 'possum was to lose a great pleasure, but to enter the Cely Britt woods meant danger, perhaps death. He took a few steps towards the woods and called to his dog "Talk to 'im, King, talk to im!" At last he could resist the temptation no longer. Mustering all his courage he entered the woods, and slowly, with fear and trembling, approached the tree where his dog was standing guard, and began to cut it down with his axe. Then the boys thought it time for their fun. They began to move around the tree so as to be just above Orange's head, but by some mischance both stepped upon the same dead limb. The limb broke and down came boys, 'possum, and chains, right upon Orange's head. Orange was sure that either Cely Britt or Satan was upon him. He began begging and crying for help, all the time struggling to free himself from the chains. As soon as he was free, he started towards his cabin at a mad rate, shouting, "God bless de Lawd! He done freed me from de Debil! Bless de Lawd!"

FRIENDS.

R. W. B., '05.

Dear friends ! The light of all our days,
The flowers along the road
Where troubles pierce our feet and heaps
Of care our spirits load—
Oh, friends of ours, ye cannot know
With thanks for you how hearts o'erflow !

How narrow life without a friend !
Hemmed by the vision of two eyes,
Bound by the touch of two weak hands,
Measured to one small spirit's size.
Sad, sad indeed, the life of one
Who knows but his own cloud and sun.

And so we thank Thee, Friend of friends,
To earthly life whose spirit lends,
This dimmed view of Paradise,
To look at life through other eyes.
And may we be, when life shall end,
Deemed worthy of that dear name, "Friend."

To the memory of

Virginia Thorpe Gregory,
CLASS OF 1899.

Died November 20, 1903.

████████████████████

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for
thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they
comfort me.

Psalms 24:4.

To the memory of

Olive Allen,
CLASS OF 1903.

Died December 3, 1903.

And there shall be no more death, neither
sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any
more pain.

Revelations 21:4.

AMONG OURSELVES.

MILLIE ARCHER, '04.

Christmas is coming ! How glad we'll all be when it gets here ! Christmas means more to us school girls than it does to any one else except, perhaps, our mothers. To us it means going home and seeing our friends, being able to go down town when we wish to, having no rising bell to wake us in the morning, eating between meals, going to the pantry at all hours of the day and night for cake or pickle—but, best of all, it means home instead of school halls, a cozy coal fire instead of a radiator, and mother who loves you instead of room-mates who tolerate you. At Christmas we live !

One of the most important social events of the year was the "Theater Party" given by the Junior Class complimentary to the Senior Class. It is customary for the Junior Class to entertain the Seniors and we who know the class of 1905—that everything it does is original—knew that they would not give a commonplace reception, still we wondered what form of entertainment it would be. The numerous called meetings they had led us to believe that they were up to something. And we were not disappointed about the originality of their entertainment. Wednesday afternoon, each of us was delightfully surprised by the cordial note we received from a Junior asking us to join her in a Theater Party. "Theater Party"—at the very name our hearts beat a little faster, for we were to go to the Opera House. "The Sword of Justice" was played and Philip and Jocelyn won our hearts completely. The Prince did his part well, but we did not like his part. Each of us expected to enjoy the evening and not one was disappointed. Any Senior will tell you that the Junior Class is the "real thing." But the salted peanuts are gone.

The last Friday evening in October the girls of the Episcopal Church were entertained in the Sunday-school room of St. Andrew's

church by the ladies of the church. The girls in their dainty light dresses were an attractive looking body and we who were left behind envied them the good time we knew they would have. The room was tastefully decorated in yellow and white—Normal colors—and huge vases of flowers were placed here and there in the room. It was one of the most delightful receptions any of us have ever attended. About half-past nine elegant refreshments were served and of course the girls enjoyed this part of the evening also.

On Friday evening, Nov. 13th, the Methodist Protestant girls enjoyed a reception given in their honor at the Grace Methodist Protestant Church. Mrs. E. Teague, Miss Smith, and the Misses Harris added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by giving several vocal selections. The church was beautifully decorated in yellow and white—Normal colors—and delightful refreshments were served. The girls were chaperoned by Misses Cassidey and Waters.

Mrs. W. C. A. Hammell delightfully entertained several of our girls at her home on Spring Garden street. Each girl was presented with a card on which were written questions similar to the following: "A chemist's wife should be named? Ann Eliza. A doctor's? Patience." Miss Mary Jones won the prize—a beautiful silver hat pin. When the questions on the cards had been answered the party drew up around a coal fire and enjoyed delicious refreshments.

Any candy boiling is fine—but to go to one where you are allowed to make your own candy is all the fun a crowd of girls could wish for. Mrs. Arthur Rankin invited her sister, Lillian Gainey, and several of her friends to a candy boiling at her home. Mrs. Rankin gave the girls big aprons, all the sugar, milk, butter etc., they needed and told them to go into the kitchen and make all the candy they wanted to and have all the fun they could. Judging from the amount of candy they brought home with them and also from the way they talked they followed all her directions.

Misses Bertha Lee and Leah Jones, wishing to know the girls of their church better, are entertaining parties of about twenty of the Methodist girls on Friday and Saturday afternoons. The girls enjoy the little taste of home life they get on these afternoons.

A few days ago the appearance of a body of military girls created a bit of excitement on the hill. After many guesses we decided that they must be a "Salvation Army," and were rather disappointed to learn that they were "Hellen May Butler and Her Ladies' Military Band." The girls who belong to the Orchestra were allowed to go to the Opera House in the afternoon. All who went say: "It was fine, you ought to have heard it."

Thanksgiving! How we look forward to it! A holiday—a late breakfast—perhaps a day out with friends—a good dinner—the Carolina-Virginia ball game!! And how thankful every North Carolinian should be! At Richmond North Carolina's sons won the foot-ball game of the season. The score was 16 to 0 in favor of Carolina. We believed in our team and expected them to win, but we did not expect such a score.

Mr. Guignard came out to the College several Sundays ago and conducted evening service for us. The house was well filled, as Mr. Guignard has many friends among the girls.

Mr. W. C. Smith, our English teacher, held evening service for us a few weeks ago. Mr. Smith made an interesting talk and we all enjoyed the service.

One of the most delightful Sunday services of the year was the one conducted by Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee has been a missionary to Brazil for the past ten years and is at home resting to return to his work there. He told us of the social, religious, and educational life of Brazil in a most interesting manner. He suggested that we, the Young Woman's Christian Association, educate one of the Brazilian girls at our College and from the manner in which the

girls met this suggestion, we may expect to have one of the Brazilian girls with us next year.

Miss Mildred Davis ex '04, of Wilmington was at the College for a short time visiting her friend, Millie Archer. Miss Davis is teaching the third grade at the Hemminway in Wilmington. All of her friends—and they are many—were glad to see her on the hill again.

Miss Fannie Cutler of New Bern visited her cousin, Lelia Styron, for a few days.

Mr. Henry Glass of Durham and Miss Sallie Glass recently spent Sunday with their sister, Louise.

Miss Lola Ferrall of Winston visited her friend, Sallie Griffith.

Mrs. E. J. Becton, nee Kate Tull, of Kinston and Mrs. W. C. Fields of Kinston were the guests of Alice Tull.

The old girls who came to see us Thanksgiving are Misses Daphne Carraway, Irma Carraway, Mary Ward, and Jessie Williams. While in College these girls had many friends and all of us were glad to have them with us again.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Jacobs and Master Joe of Wilmington spent Thanksgiving with their daughter, Ella.

Bess Scott, while on her way home from Baltimore, stopped for a short visit to her sister, Ione.

Mr. M. H. Hoyle, of Weddington, N. C., recently visited his daughter, Maude.

Dr. J. G. Waldrop of Hendersonville visited his daughters, Bertha and Verna, several days ago.

Miss Mary Harris of Bronxville, N. Y., recently paid a short visit to her cousin, Eugenia Harris.

CURRENT EVENTS.

TEMPIE DAMERSON, '04.

The commercial treaty between the United States and China was signed at Shanghai, October eighth.

Ex. United States Senator Charles Farwell of Illinois, died September twenty-third, in his eightieth year.

Sir Michael H. Herbert, English Ambassador to the United States, died September thirtieth, in his forty-sixth year. A service in memory of him was held in Washington October sixth.

Colonel Leonidas W. S. Pratt, one of the surviving members of the South Carolina Secession Convention, died October fourth in his eighty-fourth year.

General Bradley Johnson, a Confederate veteran, died October fifth, in his seventy-fourth year.

Eliza D. Stewart, the famous temperance crusader, died October fourteenth.

Panama appointed a commission to go to Washington to negotiate a canal treaty November ninth.

Serious rioting occurred in Bogota when the news of the Panama revolt was received.

The formal recognition of the independence of the new Republic of Panama by the United States took place November thirtieth when President Roosevelt received Bunau-Varilla as the accredited Minister from Panama. So far, the independence of Panama has been acknowledged by no nation except the United States.

The award of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal in Soudou, October twentieth, sustained all the main contentions of the United States, and gave to Canada Pearse Island and a few other small

islands in the Portland Canal. The callousness, the selfishness, and the bad faith with which Canadians consider Britian has treated Canada in this matter, will long rankle in the breasts of Canadians.

There is in the October number of McClure's Magazine an interesting article on radium, which has been recently discovered by M. and Muse Curie of Paris. It is one of the rarest of the seventy odd elementary substances that compose the earth. It is worth about three thousand times its weight in gold. It looks like common table salt. Thus far only a few ounces of purified radium have been obtained.

Great preparations are being made for the World's Fair, which is to be held at St. Louis. Every nation on the globe will be represented. Already nearly every date of the entire exposition period has been asked for, many of the dates being already booked for three or four events.

ALUMNÆ AND FORMER STUDENTS.

JULIA GRAY HAMLIN, '04.

Ida Hankins, '03, is teaching in Miss Alderman's private school in Wilmington.

Daphne Carraway, '02, is teaching in the graded schools of Wilson.

Myrtle Detwiler is teaching near Hendersonville.

Fanny Graeber is teaching in the primary department of the High School at Morven, Anson county.

Elizabeth Hathcock is teaching at Mt. Airy.

Mary Snuggs and Ora Huckabee are teaching in the graded school of Albemarle.

Sidney Davenport is at her home at Pactolus.

Celeste Marbut is private secretary to the president of Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Helena Morris is at her home in Hendersonville.

Jessie Ratliffe is at her home in Marion.

Ellie Copeland is a senior at Converse College.

Clara Belle is teaching in the graded schools of Wilkesboro.

Lucille Williams is at home in Kenansville.

Annie Doughton is at Greensboro Female College.

Elizabeth Montgomery is teaching Drawing and Raffia work in the graded schools of Wilmington.

Maude Ring is at her home in Elkin.

Bessie Norman is at her home in Plymouth.

Annie Kime is at her home in Concord.

Mary Jarman is teaching near Richlands, Onslow county.

Annie Mallison is at her home in Washington.

Lizzie Perkins has a position as stenographer in Morganton.

Lucy Hawkins is at her home in Louisburg.

Flora Aycock is stenographer for her father at Whiteville.

Mattie Dunlap is at her home in Durham.

Neva Osborne is taking a business course at Norfolk, Va.

Lillian Aycock has a position at Fremont.

Agnes Pittard is stenographer at Benbow Hotel, Greensboro.

Mamie and Nina Moore are in Brenan College, Gainesville, Ga.

Julia Allen Ramsay has a position as stenographer in Salisbury.

Carrie Suther is now living at Durham and is in school at Trinity Park High School.

Annie Beddard is teaching in Albemarle county.

Sadie Stanback has a position at Sanford.

Fannie Freeman, '02, is governess in a family near Smithfield.

Margaret Wilkinson is teaching at Shady Grove near Danville, Virginia.

Berta Griffin is at her home in Goldsboro.

Antionette Gregory, '02, is now teacher in the graded schools of Greensboro.

Iva Townsend is at her home near Concord.

Kate Poindexter is teaching in the Winston graded schools.

Margaret Pierce, '99, is Principal of the James Sprunt Institute of Kenansville.

Laura Whitford is at her home in New Bern.

Elise Stamps, '02, is teaching in the orphanage at Barium Springs.

Helen Brown is taking music at her home in Winston.

Carrie Hardison lives at Thurmon, Craven Co.

Ruth and Louise Battle are at home at Whitakers.

Cora Pannil is at her home in Reidsville.

Josephine Speight is taking music at her home in Tarboro.

Daisy Randle has a position in Durham.

MARRIAGES.

Carey Jenkins was married in October to Mr. Melvin Forian of Leaksville, Va.

Frieda Badgett was married Nov. 17, 1903, to Mr. Henry C. Byrum, the Methodist preacher at Ruffin.

Oberia Rodgers, '99, was married Oct. 22, 1903, to Mr. Charles William Padgitt of Dallas, Texas.

Mary Shepard and Mr. B. O. Stone of Wilmington were married in September.

Susie Perkins was married on November 17th, at her home, Muttenez, to Mr. Charles R. Thomas. After a trip to Canada and Northern cities Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have returned to their home in Thomasville.

EXCHANGES.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '04.

Perhaps the exchange editor sighs when the pile of college magazines with their incongruous sizes and colors looms high upon the table, but the sigh is forgotten when the reading is begun. True, there is not much found in these publications that can take rank with the things that will endure, but they are not expected to be wholly without fault. The majority of the magazines are better than they were last year. This is as it should be, for the college magazine should grow with the growth of the institution which it represents. Possibly this growth would be facilitated by a specific aim for each magazine, an aim which could be stated definitely and plainly to would-be contributors. This would not only unify their work, but would make it easier.

From the *Pine and Thistle* we learn that Red Springs Seminary will probably be known in the future as the Southern Presbyterian College and Conservatory of Music. We are glad the name of the magazine is not changed; it is such an old friend. In the November issue we notice an entertaining story of a Halloween spent at a boarding school, "A Comedy of Halloween Errors." "The Story of an Appropriated Thanksgiving Dinner," although interesting, lacks unity in mental point of view. "Why the Dogwood's Flowers are Blighted" is an unusually pleasing poem.

The *Red and White* is justly criticised for its lack of articles of literary merit. However, in none of our exchanges do we find greater indication of a deep interest in the things of the life of the present than in this little magazine; and it must not be forgotten that it is issued semi-monthly.

The *Trinity Archive* holds its usual standard in its various departments. "The Biography of a Dog," is an interesting review of Alfred Ollivant's story, "Bob, Son of Battle." "A Vision" is a rather effective poem.

In the *Converse Concept* an article which deserves mention is "The Development of a National Custom." It shows some thought, and an admirable patriotism. We know how to sympathize with the Converse students in their work for the Alumnae Building.

We are glad to welcome several new exchanges, among them the *Philomathean Monthly* from Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Virginia. It contains two good historical sketches, an instructive article, "The Life and Work of Chopin" and a story "By the River;" also an address on "The Possibilities of Literary Society Work," which is well worth reading. The arrangement of the departments in this magazine is excellent.

The magazine which pleased us most of all is the *Hollins Quar-*

testly. It is attractive and interesting throughout. It excels in variety of material, and in quality of material also. From beginning to end it is entertaining and helpful.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SADIE DAVIS, '05.

Overheard in the hall, between recitations :

Sub Fresh—"I declare I felt like calling the teacher down in English today. Just think she called Hiawatha *he* ! !"

Junior—"But Hiawatha is *he*. Minnie-ha-ha is the maiden, and Hiawatha is the hero."

Sub Fresh—"No, you are entirely mistaken, Hiawatha is the maiden and Minnie-ha-ha is the Laughing Water !"

TO LEANDER.

"Forgive you pray," again, "Forgive,"
But still you throw
To Edna, passing there below,
A glance, too lingering and sweet,
And still you greet
Janet with that tender smile.
Yet all the while
"Forgive," you pray, "forgive !"

"I love," you say, "I love but you !"
And yet you bend,
O'er Millie's hand and will not end
From whispering to Bess
Quick words that express,
In her bright eye and glowing cheek,
Then me, you seek,
To say, "I love but you !"

A. M. M., '05.

We advise a certain Senior to add the city and state below the name on the back of her letters, before mailing them. For perhaps the Post Office clerks do not know him as well as the young lady does.

Fresh A.—“Where does your brother go to college?”

Fresh B.—“He goes to the Fishburne Millinery Institute.” We wonder why a Senior, who was passing by, smiled.

“Dearest—I am so sorry you cannot come up to-morrow—” We would advise the type writing girls not to leave their personal letters on the type writer. We might also add that it is better taste not to send letters of the above kind to Chapel Hill.

On the train:

College Boy—pointing to a building—“That is the L—Female Cemetery.” We agree with the young man, that when, perhaps, “buried in their books,” the girls think they have reached their last resting place.

“I am building,” the pensive maiden said,

“A castle in the air,”

“And what is the corner stone?” he asked.

She answered, “a solitaire.”

One of the students was heard to remark that she was so glad Thanksgiving would come on Friday next year, because she could have permission to go home then.

Sophomore B.—“Where have you been?”

Freshman S.—“Why I have just come from Hominy class.”

Did the young lady refer to a new course in the cooking department, or was it only a branch of her music?

Natural Remarks.

They were talking about trees.

“My favorite,” she said, “is the oak, it is so noble, so magnificent in its strength, but what is your favorite?”

“Yew,” he replied.

Selected.

As long as a woman retains her maiden name, her maiden aim is to change it.

THE NORMAL COLLEGE.

- N. Stands for Normal, the school of the State,
Where all girls go to graduate.
- O. Stands for Orange, which mingled with white
Gives to the Normal, it's colors so bright.
- R. Stands for Ribbon, which all of us wear,
On such occasions as going to the Fair.
- M. Stands for Mater, which we hold dear,
And it comes after Alma in odes that appear.
- A. Is for All, who in this State School,
Answer the Faculty's command, will and rule.
- L. Stands for the Load removed from my heart,
When away from this school in summer I depart.
- C. Stands for the College, which by her wide fame,
Ranks first in the State—we all know its name.
- O. Stands for Orators, who on big occasions
With thrilling words, make very strong orations.
- L. Is for Latin, which stands in the way
Of many a Senior on graduation day.
- L. Stands for Logarithms, that in Trig do appear.
And to fail on examination is our one lasting fear.
- E. Stands for English, and Essays and stuff,
And of all these things we have sufficiently enough.
- G. Stands for Geometry, the best of them all,
Which in my life work I hope is my call.
- E. Is for Elocution, where we learn to recite,
So that always we may appear to be wise and polite.

M. E. C., '05.

Teacher—"Miss B. you have failed to put half your work on the board."

Miss B.—"O I beg pardon, that was merely an overlookture on my part!"

TO THE NORMAL GIRL.

"Here's to the maid
Who is never staid,

The bright State Normal Girl,
In the coming age,
She'll be the rage,
And give many a chump the whirl.
Then let her be,
Just as is she,
The glory of our State,
Modest, demure,
Learned and pure,
The best for any man's mate."

Exchange.

Since we have been practising clearing the Main Building in case of fire, one of our girls became inspired and wrote the following :

"There are five hundred girls all hard at work,
Each pegging away just like a 'Turk';
When out in the hall there sounds such a clatter,
We spring from our desks, we know what's the matter.

"Fire" we think, but there's no talking in line,
We form ranks quickly, and order we mind.
Outward we march in a terrible hurry
Not saving our books in the awful flurry.

We must pause here that we may relate
Our teachers did not meet any dreadful fate,
Although while the flames were roaring loud
They calmly walked out and surveyed the crowd.

Although the flames around them lapped
And their energy and strength were fast being sapped,
They stood forth bravely, and with even a smile
Said, "Young ladies, walk in triple file."

We march to the car line and then turn around,
A more imposing sight will ne'er be found.
You may not believe it, but this met our view,
Our dear Main Building in blackened hue.

But such is the spirit that guides us here
We march on back with never a fear,
In a red hot building we take our place
And get back to work with very good grace.

But of a more cruel act you'll never read
On this point, we are all agreed,
So leave us here, all hard at work,
Even a fire won't make us shirk.

M. E. H. '04.

In chapel,

Fresh B.—“Do you know where I can find ‘The Pet Bird,’ by Von Bremer, in the library?”

Miss L. G.—“No, but I know where my own little pet bird is—in Desk O. 9.

There have been suspicions that the occupant of Desk O. 9 was a bird, now the fact is known for a certainty.

Heard on the new tennis court.

1st Beginner—What is the score?

2nd Beginner—‘Deuce Love,’ I think.

3rd Beginner—Oh, pshaw, you don't know how to count, it is ‘Deuce all!’

AN ANSWER TO THE LETTER FROM A FRESHMAN TO A JUNIOR.

M. G., '04.

Dearest “Yours Forever:”

While languidly sitting under the droppings of the twilight, and listening to the melodious notes of a plaintive Tom cat perched on the back fence, what should I receive but your own dear letter filled brimful with honeyed words coated over two inches thick with sugar of sweetness. I can't find adequate words to promulgate my colorific esoteric feelings, as my dictionary is spending a vacation away; but, oh! your letter was a treat—better than a rural pedagogue's treat the last day of school. It was chock full of the very

quintessence of double-distilled sweetness, with a large vein of friendship running all through it, and sticking out in places, like a smallboy's head from a window of the school-house when the circus or a load of early watermelons passes by. I was charmed by the quaint style of humor oozing out from your unique epistolary dis-sertation; and while ruminating thereon my heart unconsciously capitulated to your elastic affections which had surrounded it like the rubber cover of a base ball.

How I long to be with you! Your precious eyes are like golden stars of promise peeping out through free-silvery clouds of national disaster. A bountiful harvest of dark hair overshadows your classic forehead like a brush arbor over a camp-meeting. Your benignant smile is like a gentle ripple on the surface of a natural lake of home-spun molasses.

The thrilling melody of your stentorian voice is unequaled by anything other than that which issues from an up-to-date frog-pond after a summer shower.

Before receiving your letter, life to me was a dreary Greenland overgrown with ice-covered lichens of affectionate indifference, but now it is a tropical Africa with the mosquitoes all transported to Siberia. I am most felicitously happy to inform you that I do most assuredly reciprocate and return your affections, in a neat little package post-paid. Write immediately or sooner, if you can.

Yours affectionately,

YOU KNOW.

TO THOSE WHO WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS AT THE NORMAL.

EVELYN ROYALL, '04.

What, you're going to stay here to study?

Well, I advise you not to stay.

If you do, you'll wish you hadn't,

Before you're here a day.

The girls don't study Christmas,
 But out of somebody have fun.
 If you don't keep your eyes wide open,
 You are sure to be the one.
 If some one says you have company—
 Friends or some of your folks—
 Don't go down to the parlor
 For its only one of their jokes.
 If you wake up late in the morning,
 And your shoes cannot be found,
 You need not be surprised,
 For the mischief-maker will come around.
 If at night you don't rest well,
 I'll tell you the reason why,
 Holly leaves, needles and pins,
 Have been put in your bed on the sly,
 Be friendly with every girl here,
 And don't fail to visit them all.
 Christmas week they get boxes from home,
 And have feasts on every hall.
 When the girls, who go home, return,
 Call on them, that very same night,
 Because the good things they bring might spoil,
 And that wouldn't be treating them right.

EDITORIAL.

The Alumnae Under the stimulus of the offer of the General
Scholarship Education Board to duplicate any sum of money
and Loan Fund raised by the College for Scholarships and Loan
 Funds up to the limit of twenty five hundred
 dollars a year for three years, the Alumnae of
 the College are working earnestly to secure the first twenty-five
 hundred dollars by January first, nineteen hundred and four. At

the Alumnae meeting last Commencement quite a number of subscriptions were made. These have been added to from time to time until the amounts now make a total of over two thousand dollars leaving nearly five hundred dollars to be raised during the remaining days of December. This balance the Alumnae confidently expect to secure.

The prospect of having at the end of three years a scholarship and Loan Fund of fifteen thousand dollars is one which is enlisting the interest of our best workers.

Many of the graduates of the College have been enabled to complete their course here by the loan of a small amount from one of the Funds given by private individuals for this purpose. Each student who secures the use of a loan gives her personal note for the amount. The note does not bear interest until after the student leaves College to earn her own money. There is no equal sum of money which yields larger results from its investment than the loan fund. There is many a bright young girl without means available for her education who has reason to be grateful to those who have taken so generous an interest in her welfare.

We hope that the many friends of the College will co-operate with the Alumnae in their effort to raise money for this worthy purpose. The fact that whatever is given to this fund is duplicated should encourage us to do our best, for, instead of helping one young woman, we can help two with the same amount. Every investment we make should be carefully considered beforehand as to its probable results. The educational dividend which is yielded from the Loan Fund investment is not to be estimated in dollars and cents but in the increased power for good of truly well developed womanhood.

ORGANIZATIONS.

MARSHALS :

Chief—CATHERINE STATON NASH, Edgecombe County.

Assistants :

ADELPHIANS.

MILLIE ARCHER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orange County
MARY STEWART,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guilford County
ANNA KILLIAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Catawba County
MAY LOUISE JONES,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Craven County
MAGGIE BURKETT	-	-	-	-	-	-	Watauga County

CORNELIANS.

NATHALIE SMITH,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Halifax County
EUGENIA HARRIS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orange County
SUSIE WILLIAMS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rockingham County
LETTIE GLASS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guilford County
ROSA WELLS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wilson County

YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, President.

EVELYN ROYAL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
KATE BARDEN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary
MARY WELDON HUSKE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
INEZ FLOW,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

DEGREE CLASS.

SUSAN SIMMS BATTLE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
AUVILA LINDSAY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ALICE GOODRIDGE DANIEL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
CHRISTINA M. SNYDER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary

SENIOR CLASS.

TEMPE DAMERON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MATTIE TAYLOR,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
KATE BARDEN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MABEL GRAEBER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

JUNIOR CLASS.

LOUISE DIXON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
LETTIE SPAINHOUR,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
LIZZIE BROWN STOKES,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
EMMA SHARPE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
FLORA SMITH,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
RUTH FITZGERALD,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Monitor

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

WILLIE BROWN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
JOSIE DOUB	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ORA MILLER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
LUCIE COPPEDGE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
MARY CARTER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Critic

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

SELMA C. WEBB,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MILLIE ARCHER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President, Senior
JOSIE DAMERON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President, Junior
JANNET AUSTIN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President, Sophomore
SADIE DAVIS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
HELEN HICKS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

CLASS '07.

BLANCHE AUSTIN	.	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MARY McFADYEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
CAROLYN HARDWICK	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
KATE HUSKE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
MARY EXUM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
MATTIE WILLIAMS	-	-	.	-	-	-	-	Monitor

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PLACE IS NOT HARD TO FIND. C. H. DORSETT,

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